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FORM

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LITERATURE · ART · MUSIC

EDITED BY A.O. SPARE AND W.H. DAVIES.

Nov. & Dec. 1921

No. 2 Vol. 1

4/-

FORM

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

EDITED BY AUSTIN O. SPARE AND

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has accordingly

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It is now possible to give in greater detail the names of authors and artists whose contributions will provide quality and variety in the literary and art contents of NUMBER THREE.

ADVERTISEMENT

Original drawings and special proofs of works produced in FORM (each signed by the artist) may be obtained at the Little Art Rooms, 8 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The conductors of FORM propose to publish, from time to time, finely printed editions of modern literature, drawings and engravings. The first two of these volumes consist of "*Eight Poems*" (out of print), by W. B. Yeats, and "*Twelve Poems*," by J. C. Squire, price 4/- each. *Editions de Luxe*, printed on handmade paper, bound in vellum and signed by Author and Artist, may be had at £1 1 0 per copy. There has also been published a new book by Austin O. Spare, *The Focus of Life*, with twelve plates from drawings by the Author, in a limited edition, price £1 1 0; and an *Edition de Luxe*, signed and numbered, at £2 2 0. The prices are net, and subscriptions are invited.

To The Public

ITH particular care for quality and beauty in typography, arrangement and design, FORM aims at producing examples of the best contemporary work in Literature, Fine Art, Music and Criticism; without discrimination in favour of any school or group. Satire and the psychology of the Arts will receive greater consideration than is ordinarily the case in magazines dealing with Fine Arts, and current events in the Art world will be reviewed.

In regard to the Illustrations, which constitute a distinctive feature in FORM, it is important to observe that only autographic or facsimile methods of reproduction will be used. The art of the woodcut is peculiarily adapted to this purpose. The first number of the present series contained numerous original examples, printed direct from blocks cut by present-day artists, not to speak of exceptionally fine wood engravings by Mr. W. M. R. Quick, specially cut for FORM from the artists' drawings and designs. In the present number a feature has been made of colour prints from wood and lino cuts, and it is confidently believed that these will be found to be distinctive in quality and sufficiently numerous to give cachet to the issue.

In addition to original poems and other literary matter of much interest, the Christmas number of FORM will contain an article by Haldane Macfall upon the achievements of the late Lovat Fraser, with specimens of his work, reproduced in colour and in black-and-white. It will also include several autographic lithographs, printed direct from the drawings of well-known artists. There is sure to be a demand for this number, and orders should be placed early, as it will be impossible to reprint the issue.

The subscription rate is £2 14s. per annum, post free to any address in the world. Single copies may be had at 4/6 each by post, or three monthly numbers, constituting one volume, for 14/-. Subscribers to the former issue will receive copies of the first and second numbers of the new issue, in respect of the unexpired proportion of their initial subscription. To obviate mistakes, these subscribers are requested to intimate their present addresses to The Morland Press Ltd., 190 Ebury Street, S.W.1., to whom all communications in regard to subscriptions and advertisements should be made.

An *Edition de Luxe*, limited to 50 copies, specially printed on hand-made paper, and signed by the Editors, is open to subscription, price £1 1 0 per copy.

The Editors of FORM will be glad to consider MSS. or drawings offered for publication; but no MS. or drawing will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped and addressed postal cover. In any case, the Editors can accept no responsibility for MSS. or drawings that may be lost.

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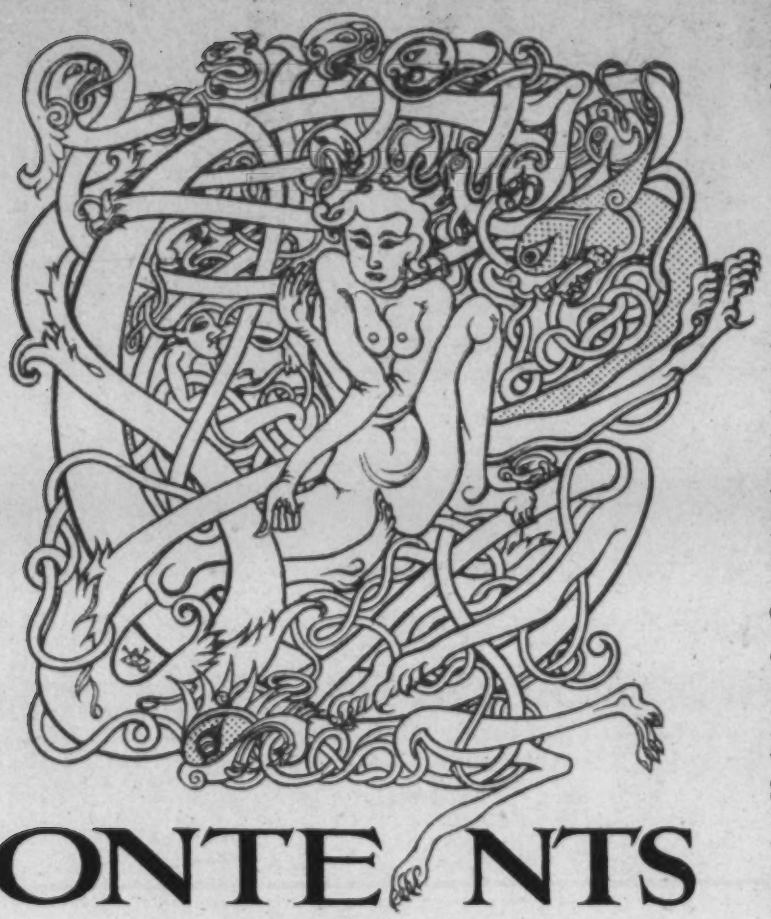
and W. H. Davies



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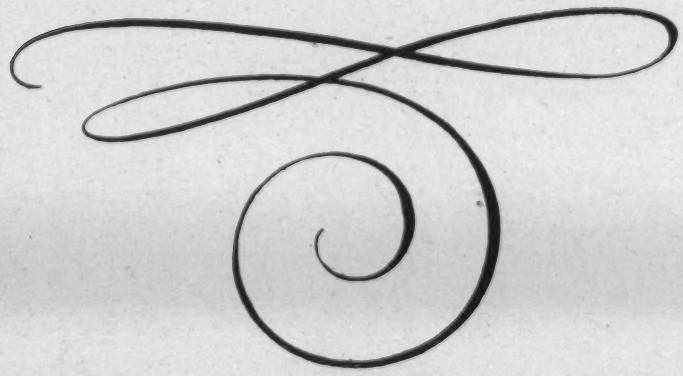
FORM

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Containing

POETRY, SKETCHES, ESSAYS
OF LITERARY & CRITICAL INTEREST
TOGETHER WITH ORIGINAL PRINTS
AND WOODCUTS, LITHOGRAPHS
CALLIGRAPHIC DECORATIONS
AND INITIAL LETTERS



New Series

Printed & Published by
THE MORLAND PRESS LTD
LONDON

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DRAWING

BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

WOODCUT BY ERIC DAGLISH

Editorial by W. H. DAVIES

JUST as our right hand was congratulating our left on the unparalled success of "Form," we were interrupted by the arrival of a mysterious-looking letter. On reading the contents of this letter, we were surprised to find a complaint of injustice having been done to the works of Pooh Bah.

"Ah Me is not nearly so great a poet as Pooh Bah," says our correspondent, "Pooh Bah is not to be dismissed in a few strong words of primitive eloquence—not even when uttered by so great a poet as Ah Me. In fact," continues our correspondent, "the two poems you translate and quote from the work of Ah Me are merely pretty; but the enclosed poem, by Pooh Bah, called 'The Portrait,' has a passionate intensity that could never be equalled by Ah Me, or any other poet of China. I beg of you to print this poem, to show the great British Public which poet is 'no bloody goodee,' Ah Me or Pooh Bah."

On reading this letter, we began to wonder whether we had not made a serious mistake; whether we would not have found a greater poet than either Ah Me or Pooh Bah by simply crossing the Line of the Equator, instead of taking so much trouble to climb over the Great Wall of China. But when we read the following poem, we were so shocked by its naked passion that we felt certain no other responsible

editor, either in Great Britain or America, would dare to print it. Then why do we do so? We print it because of our Englishman's love of fair play.

At the same time, we would like to remind our correspondent that, although such things were written in the days of Elizabeth, we have passed that naughty period now, and become more respectable. That the Elizabethan poets wrote in pot-houses and taverns diviner poetry than comes from our private libraries and drawing-rooms is not to be argued here. Our literature and art are now in the hands of passionless old professors and solemn young men of pure, flesh-despising intellect; and it is their sacred duty to protect the Public from any work of art that shows warm blood or too much pride in strong guts.

Taking these serious old professors and young high-brows for our editorial pattern, we will not promise our correspondent to print any more full-blooded poetry of this kind; in spite of our admiration for the great poets of China, and our deep sympathy for her large family of four hundred million souls, many of whom are innocent little children. Having uttered this warning, we print Pooh Bah's poem.

THE PORTRAIT

HE sends her portrait, as a swallow,
To show that her sweet spring will follow;
Until she comes herself, to share
With me a pillow and her hair.

To this fine portrait of my Dear,
With nothing but dead matter near,
I whisper words of love, and kiss
The cardboard dewy with my bliss.
This is her hair, which I will bind
Around my knuckles, when inclined
To bandage them in skeins of gold.
These are her lips, in paper mould,
Which when I touch appear to move,
As conscious of my burning love.
These are her eyes, now hard and set,
And opened wide, which Love will shut.
Lord, is my kiss too poor and weak,
To make this portrait move and speak,
And close these eyes in fear of this
Strong love of mine, half bite, half kiss:
This kiss that would in fierce delight
Burn on her soft white flesh, and bite
Like a black fly when, stiff and old,
He's blind, and dying of the cold.
Now, when I rest awhile from kissing,
My room looks lonely with her missing.
How empty seems that chair, where she
Could sit this night and smile to see
Her own light fingers work with grace
Straight cotton into cobweb lace;
Or when they rub that small gold band
That makes her mine, on her left hand.
Oh that my love were sitting there,
Before me, in that empty chair:
Rocking the love-light, where it lies
Cradled for joy in her two eyes.
Till in the flesh she comes to kiss,
Be happy, man, that she sends this—
Her own dear portrait, as a swallow,
To show that her sweet spring will follow.

WOODCUT BY MARCIA LANE FOSTER

The Men of the Mist

By Crossley Davies

THE Men of the Mist are a race apart. They are a peculiar people. Not theirs to mix with the common herd, for they are of a different clay—and a finer. We have their word for that and who shall gainsay them? To them alone has been given the secret of Art and the knowledge of Beauty. They are the Last Word—and the First. Pioneers and Patriarchs, their mission and their measure are too vast for simple folk to understand. They tower above the crowd in their Olympian grandeur, giants among the dwarfs. As pioneers they aim to lead the people to the Promised Land where Art and Culture reign. As Patriarchs they take us back to the glories that are now one with Nineveh and Tyre. Astride all history and above all humanity, their pose is truly god-like, and as gods would they be worshipped.

SO to the Highbrows—the Men of the Mist and of the Morrows—I make my humble bow, prone in the dust of ordinary life. Perchance their Morrows may never dawn. Maybe sometimes they lose their way in the mist. What of it? Let it be set down as one of the minor curiosities of the major life. Is it not known that even the gods at times may nod, that on Parnassus, too, the sandalled feet of the great may go astray?

AND now let me make confession to my Masters of the Mist. I, too, have sinned and have run after false gods, smaller gods but ones I could understand.

THESE were gods of simple mien and homely tastes, such gods as the common people love. And their creed was, of course, just as absurd, and as common, as themselves. They held that Art should interpret life and that the highest forms are those that are simplest, easiest to read, with the widest appeal and the most human touch. They prefer Dickens to Meredith, Charles Reade in his "Cloister and the Hearth" to Walter Pater in "Marius the Epicurean." Browning in his saner moods just passes muster, but Bobbie Burns holds a high place. Raphael and Murillo, Rembrandt, Holbein and Raeburn, Brangwyn and Forain—these are the sort of artists they exalt. Oh, Men of the Mist, forgive them, for they do not know. As yet they have not heard of your Marinettis, your Epsteins, your high priests of the Cube and the Vortex, and them who strive to paint the abstract in terms of itself.

NOR have they yet come to taste the piquant flavor of the vers libre with its jig-saw puzzle of disconnected words. The Mendelssohn who charms them with a now out-of-date melodiousness once wrote some songs without words. But the vers libre is composed of words without song, without rhyme and, except to the few initiated, without reason, too. So far have you gone beyond the poor hinds who grovel among the now discredited masters of the multitude. Still, in your golden mist of intellectual splendour, moving amid the veiled beauties of half lights, elusive shadows and uncertain shapes up there on your modern Parnassus, magnificent in your aloofness, you can afford to spare a little pity for the poor mortals so far below you. You who know so well the value of the shadow can leave to the rest of us the base substance of reality

and simplicity which satisfies our plebeian minds. For we are not "precious" as you are. Not for us the austere intellectual height that enabled some of your brethren in Paris to go into ecstacies over a Salon picture which, it was afterwards proved, was painted by the inspired brush of a donkey's tail.

AFTER trying in vain to reach your giddy altitude, where the highest Art needs a new language to make clear the celestial profundity of its thought, we fall again to earth. Out of the greatness of your sympathy, which can find virtue in an ancient Assyrian sculptor as easily as in the latest Marionettisms from Italy, you will perchance pardon us: for we cannot go with you. For us it is needful that we understand. We are a simple folk. Give us the plain art that needs no preface by way of explanation nor manifesto by way of defiance. Give us, too, the Art that does not bend the knee to the modern god of notoriety. Our tastes, you see, are common, like the emotions of mankind or the many moods of Nature.

YET, some day methinks it may be found that the common people are found better critics of Art than their masters. Vox populi, vox dei is a very old saying. Its age does not spoil its truth. After all, music and song came from unknown folk. Ballad and story were fashioned first by and for the people. All Art had its origin in the soil. Were not many of the architects and craftsmen of Rome and Greece bondsmen or plebs? Was not Phidias a man of the people, Phidias the greatest sculptor of ancient days? And were not the finest fanes of Gothic France reared for the multitude that therein they might worship?

IF Art is not for the people then for whom can it be? The heresy of the Highbrows has lasted too long. Let us leave them to their Mist and their Morrows without a Dawn. Art, like life, is common. And for and by the common people does it live.

WOODCUT BY LOUIS MOREAU

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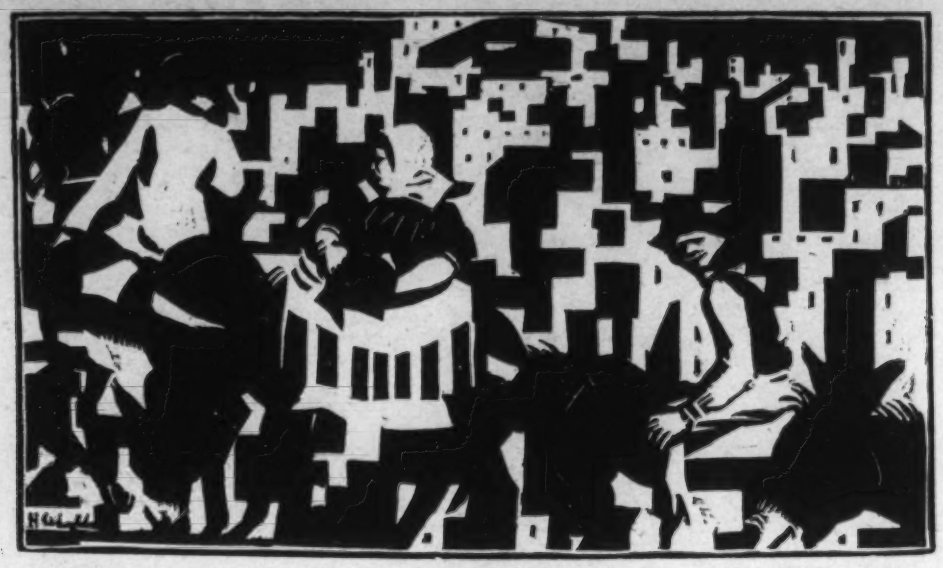
A VISION

WOODCUT BY CECIL FRENCH



Cantares Populares

Folk Songs from the Spanish *by Havelock Ellis*

SPANISH Folk-Songs have long interested those who concern themselves with Spanish things. At the present day they are indeed unique in Western Europe as a manifestation in art of the popular mind. To me they have been attractive ever since I first visited Spain, and at odd moments during the past twenty years I have amused myself by translating some of them, trying, so far as possible, not merely to be literally exact, but also to catch something of the feeling of the original songs, and a little of their freedom in technique. So far (except that thirteen were included in Mrs. Havelock Ellis's *Lover's Calendar*) I have not published any of these translations. The interest which seems to have been aroused by Mr. Salvador de Madariaga's pleasant paper on the subject in his *Shelley and Calderon and other Essays*, published last year, encourages me to put forward this small selection of twenty-one songs.

I have loved as I loved you
No woman in all the land;
But worse than death is my torture,
You never understand.

✧ ✧ ✧

The way to love you taught me
Upon that hill above:
Oh, may you never teach me
The way to forget to love!

Oh, forget not to write me letters,
If I must be of you bereft!
You can use the wings of a swallow
When you have no paper left.

✧ ✧ ✧

Oh, blessed be your mother,
And the pains for you she bare;
You are like a bough of blossoms
From your feet all up to your hair.

✧ ✧ ✧

Tell me again that you love me,
And weary not of my name;
The song of the nightingale pleases,
Although it is always the same.

✧ ✧ ✧

God gave to my dark-haired sweetheart
Not only a salt taste of wit,
But capsicum, clove, and carnations,
That's why her like you'll not hit.

✧ ✧ ✧

Impose some other penance
Within my power to fulfil,
For that I should forget you
Is not within my will.

✧ ✧ ✧

Just now I threw a lemon,
And it rolled against your door;
Why, it seems that even the lemons
Can tell the girl I adore!

✧ ✧ ✧

Oh, I wonder they break not in blossom,
The steps that lead up to your door,
When they feel your footsteps after,
When they see your feet before!

✧ ✧ ✧

There are no words to tell
The love for you I bear;
The love that can be told
— A feather thrown in the air!

WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

The love that for you I cherish—
How this should be I can't tell—
It is my highest Heaven,
And it is my lowest Hell.

✧ ✧ ✧

The love I have placed on you,
So true, so firm, it is,
If I had placed it on God
I had gained eternal bliss.

✧ ✧ ✧

On the day from the womb you were born, Dear,
All the flowers were born from the ground,

And over the font at your christening
The nightingales all sang round.

✧ ✧ ✧

It is like death to see you,
Your absence brings back day;
But better to die and see you
Than live and you away.

✧ ✧ ✧

There are many sands on the sea shore,
Above the blue sky's bright,
In the garden are many flowers—
But, oh, in your eyes what light!

✧ ✧ ✧

You looked at me, at you I was looking,
And of words we spoke not one,
But, oh, the things, my darling,
We spoke by looks alone!

✧ ✧ ✧

My lover is but a small man,
So I would have him be;
Fewer leaves and more fruit ever
We find on the little tree.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mad boy, I do not love you,
Nor count your love a boon;
It's entering now its last quarter,
For you were born with the moon.

WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

That you are little grieves you,
Oh, what barbarity!
The pearls in the sea are little,
Yet the jewels of the sea.

✧ ✧ ✧

I wish there were open in Heaven
Some chink that I might look through,
To see if there dwells an angel
In beauty equal to you.

✧ ✧ ✧

If you really wish me dead,
Then stab me where you like;
But let it not be my heart,
Your image there you would strike.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

EVENING

ONLY an old woman going home under the pines,
And the sough of the wind before her and the sigh of the wind behind.
A petulant grumble stored up in the back of her mind
At the past that is gone before her and the death that she half divines
In the moan of the wind before her and the sob of the wind behind.
Only an old woman going home under the pines.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE DRESSING ROOM

DRAWING BY LAURA KNIGHT

WOODCUT BY LOUIS MOREAU

MEMORY:

WHY have you veiled your eyes?
Why are you dumbed by the power of your own thought?

You know all.
But a man may toil through his life,
Unavailingly, unfruitfully attempting
To gather one hint from your lips.

O give me a token.
I do not believe in the braggart
Who boasts of vague beauty remembered,
But never has looked upon you.

Seldom, how seldom,
(And most when a man has abandoned thought,
And given himself to his daily labour,)
You will uncover your eyes;
And your thrilling voice
Will ring through the meadows of time.

"Memory spoke to me then,"
A man will cry as from sleep;
But before he can hear your words
Their sound will have drifted away, away.

And knowing only the ring of your voice,
Not the drift of its words,
No clue will remain in his mind.

Memory, goddess of thought,
Help me now!
I am a child of the past;
Heir to the future, and you
Carry both in your brain.

You can look forward and backward:
You can combine
Future and past into one.
Therefore you govern the present.
Therefore are you not Fate?

HAROLD MONRO.

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CARICATURE BY POWYS EVANS

A Chapter of History

Being an extract from a History of Progress in two parts:— Part One, "The Epidemic of Civilisation," (1851 *to* 1914) Part Two, "Its Cure," (1914 *to* 1954)

by

Desmond Coke

MODERATE men of all these myriad parties had long since come to lay their hope pathetically on the knees of the Nation. Weary of the inefficiency and weakness displayed by even great emporia or stores, they had marked with delightful amazement the new note brought into business by the Nation as a dealer; had admired the firm crispness in its handling of that first great adventure, the British Telephone; had felt themselves infra-men indeed as they noted the consummate, almost inhuman courage with which it broke or terminated its agreements; had gaped in envy at its staggering originality and breadth of future vision as, at a time when America and Sweden were blindly boasting to have brought a cheap efficient telephone to every writing-table, it boldly struck an ampler note and saw that not here lay the people's need, the people's

wish, but in a scheme whereby, merely through lessening the number of subscribers, charges could easily be almost doubled.

The scheme, like all great inspirations, worked with a gathering momentum, a crescendo of effect.

WOODCUT BY HERBERT PALLISER

Subscribers, quick to catch the spirit that lay behind this change, obediently fell off in constantly increasing numbers. As fewer businesses had telephones, so did more find that they could do without them. New exchanges were opened by the Nation almost monthly. The consequent increase of the Income Tax was scarcely resented by people who had been saved both exacerbation and expense by the removal of their oxydized receivers.

The end of this great chapter in English History is, like that of many others, a curious reminder that, even amid the clash of large events, it is in the end a mere touch of the personal that matters. By the end of the year 1952 the telephone had come to be regarded, like morning coffee or midnight refreshments, as a purely foreign and effete luxury. Although the exchanges had reached the creditable number of nearly five thousand, with a corresponding increase of the charges, only one obstinate and exorbitantly rich subscriber now remained, paying (in loyal accordance with the Nation's first inspiration of 1921) a rate that increased as the number of subscribers sank. It was here that the personal element obtruded. The women-operators—never reflecting that their employment depended on the continuance of his subscription or that he could now ring up nobody except themselves—grew to resent his frequently inopportune and often needless conversations, whilst (such is the frailty of human nature) those exchanges that he never called grew slowly jealous of their more favoured sisters. These varied grievances soon grew; in April 1953 call answered call among the malcontents; an ever-growing regiment of women marched through England; the subscriber, warned by Press bulletins, escaped to Switzerland; but his receiver was irreparably wrecked . . . .

So died the Telephone; so triumphed the new creed of Nationalisation; and so, by the prescience of its rulers, was England saved from what had long been an increasing nuisance, and was able to sink back into the comfortable calm of those ampler days when younger peoples had not yet invented the reactionary idea of Progress.

WOODCUT BY HERBERT PALLISER

AN OLD WORLD EFFECT

WHILE blue-eyed children,
goggle-eyed and giggling,
Stare, swollen-cheeked,
(bad-mannered little
wretches,)
Two Nature-loving ladies
dip their brushes,
Glance up, gaze down; with touches broad or
niggling,
Remain absorbed in half-completed sketches
Where embryonic apple-blossom flushes
Round a decrepit cottage whence they catch
The ultimate rusticity of thatch.

You ask me why these artists have selected
An unhygienic dwelling as their theme .....
"*Have they no palette for the unexpected,—*
No easel for a cubist housing-scheme?" .....

A sapless unprolific Past they paint,
Who ramble through the guide-book
toward the Quaint.
Meanwhile a blackbird pipes from the
vicinity
His free fantasia against virginity.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

WOODCUT BY GEORGE PERRIMAN

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND CHARING CROSS

WHEN the silence guards thy breath
And a darkness hides thy head,
Doubt, a paler shape than Death,
Draws me dreaming from thy bed.

Softly do I seek the street
Where the unhappy shadows move,
Pacing on intent to meet
The spirit that I still might love.

I dream of calm that has not been
And never can be till I find
The long witheld, the yet unseen,
The spiritual mistress mind.

Thou sleepest through oblivion
Where no lost step could echo in,
While thy pale sisters one by one
Tread the footworn moonlight thin.

Their bright shoes glimmer as they pass,
Their writhen shadows ebb and flow
From lamp to lamp as in a glass
Upon the shining flags below.

Sadly I scan each fading face
With a brief and steady glance,
Their dark dispiteous looks abase
My hope and turn my eyes askance.

They pass away in gradual waves
Down to the mine of darkness soon;
The houses stand like stones on graves,
The streets are empty in the moon.

Beyond an atmospheric wall
Thy dim and fearful lights decline,
And I come wondering after all
If that calm spirit can be thine.

EDWARD DAVISON.

THE PHILOSOPHERS

THOUGHT has a bias,
Direction, a bend,
Space, its inhibitions,
Time, a dead end.

Is whiteness white?
O then call it black.
Farthest from the Truth
Is yet half-way back.

Effect ordains Cause,
(Head swallowing its tail).
Does Whale engulf Sprat
Or Sprat assume Whale?

Contentions weary,
It giddies all to think—
Then kiss, girl, kiss!
Or drink, fellow, drink!

ROBERT GRAVES.

ARETHUSA *BY AUSTIN O. SPARE*

THE BLACK ARTS

BY J. F. C. FULLER

MAN is human and a mystery; herein is to be sought all our sorrows, all our joys, all our desires, all our activities. Man is a troublesome creature, inwardly troubled by his consciousness, outwardly troubled by the unconscious, the things which surround him, the "why" and "wherefore" of which fascinate his mind and perplex his heart. We cannot fathom the origin of life nor can we state its purpose; we can but judge of it by inference, and inferences, if we probe them deeply, dissolve into an unknowable œther, an all pervading miracle. Yet, such as these shadows are, we follow them, and as day creeps out of night so does the conscious emanate from out the vast and formless body of that unconsciousness which softly enfolds us in its gloom.

SOME lie still in the coffin of existence; these are the human sheep who, where the grass of life is green, browse peacefully and, where it is dust, die or bleat helplessly to others. These others are those who tear their shrouds and hammer at the lid, with bleeding brow loosen the nails of oblivion, and, through the chinks between mind and soul, peer into the beyond.

FOLLOW me, cries the priest, the king, the lawyer and the physician, and the human flock follows. Herein is to be revealed a mystery; not of the seeing leading the blind, for all are ultimately sightless, but of a spirit intangible, mysterious, which impels gross human flesh to flow onwards in streamlets and rivers to some unknown and seemingly unknowable sea. This impulse towards movement, whether it be

betwixt star and star, atom and atom, or brain and brain, is the ultimate source of that ancient and yet ever youthful magic which, like a dark and wanton courtesan, decked in immortality, dances down the centuries, luring man on through cloud and sunshine Letheanwards, a shadow cast on a shadow.

HE who can impel any thing or creature, living or dead, to move, is a magician; whether it be a speck of dust brushed from the table or the mind of another deranged by his will; for he has made use of an incomprehensible power—gravity or thought. When this power is named, and when this name can be pronounced by all, and all have accepted the shadow for the substance, the image for the reality, hallucinated by the commonplace, man ceasing to think ceases to live intellectually. If a human being should arise, one who can tear away illusion, who can breathe a new life into the corpse, who can grope into the darkness, then is his art called black. Dark to him it is still darker to others, and, disturbed from their slumbers, they pronounce him to be a harbinger of evil, a black magician, shrouded as he stands before them in the mystery of a little light.

WHAT is the source of this impulse which, whilst the millions slumber fitfully, awakens the few? This is indeed a difficult question. Yet, from a search through history, it would appear to be sometimes love, sometimes fear, sometimes ambition and more than sometimes despair. Nevertheless, whatever its source may be, the valleys through which the river of magic flows are built of the slothfulness of others, those who like sheep browse, but who possess not the understanding to plough, sow and reap, to rend conventions, to awaken the imagination and to compel it to take form, tangible or intangible, real or ideal, it matters not which, for each is but a different aspect of the same shadow.

THUS history will tell us that the black arts are in reality but a revolt against convention, an insurrection against the satiety of images, a war against accepted words. They are black because they are unknown, evil because they unfrock the commonplace and take bread from the mouths of mumbling priests. Sometimes these arts are terrible and infernal, sometimes they are sublime and celestial, but always are they powerful, compelling hostility or allegiance. Separating the goats from the sheep they sound a "Deus Vult" and emblazon a new crusade: a crusade against ignorance and oppression, which, like a living wind, raises the dust of the unconscious and casts it mote by mote into that beam of light which we call the intelligence of man.

N animal is born into this world, it lives and it dies, and its life is its eternity. Man also is an animal but, to-day, he differs from the brute in that he knows that there was a time when he was not and that there will be a time when he, as he is, will be no more. The secret of good and evil is the secret of time. I was not, I am, I will not be, and he who first discovered the truth of time was the first of all the magicians.

NAKED and beastial, crouching in the shadows of the twilight, we watch this ancient seer rise in terror as in his mind this truth is born. Now, like a god, he realises, dimly though it may be, that there are a beginning and an end, two voids spanned by a human arch without abutments. Yet, unlike a god, he cannot fathom what they hold, these twin abysses of eternity. Henceforth man measures himself against God, not for love but for envy; hence do we too measure ourselves against God, not for love but for understanding. Then, as God would not appear, did man invoke him, call upon him, and demons were born, the powers which vibrate from the Pleuroma of unconsciousness. Some are pleasant to look upon and others fill our nostrils with their stench. Thus are angels and devils created from the inert as it ferments into the active. They are the reflections of a consciousness which to some is without and material, and to others within and secret; but, whether they be tangible beings or ideas, it matters not, for in either form they are equally potent.

THEN, as the demoniacal hierarchy takes form, are all things endowed with a semblance of immortality, that is a power over time and consequently over space, and all that space includes, for

SATYR AND DEAD BACCHA. BY AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE CUT ON WOOD BY .WMR. QUICK.

these are the visible attributes of God the Timeless One. There are the gods of the rivers and the woods, the mists and the mountains, there are sun gods and moon gods, and star gods, and gods of music, of dance, of death and of marriage, of love and of hate. All things become demoniacal, they possess the power to change, that is to quaff from the cup of time. Like unto men are they, eat, drink and wive do they, yet they are not men but the powers of men which, through things material, entice men onwards to states immortal, ultimately, that is, towards the timeless, the conquest of time and the accomplishment of godhood.

AS demons walk the earth, so do those who follow nearest become priests, and those who follow at a distance, the congregations of the creeds. Propitiations grow into rituals, for there is an art in giving food and in offering prayer. Canons are evolved and inexorable laws are written. Thus are the Great God and all his servitors, his forces in time, potted in Vedas, Bibles, Zendavestas and Korans, and the followers are spoon fed on the narcotics of faith, and time and the knowledge of what time holds secret is wrenched from their minds by obedience to the word of the priest, the terrestial pedlar of celestial chattles.

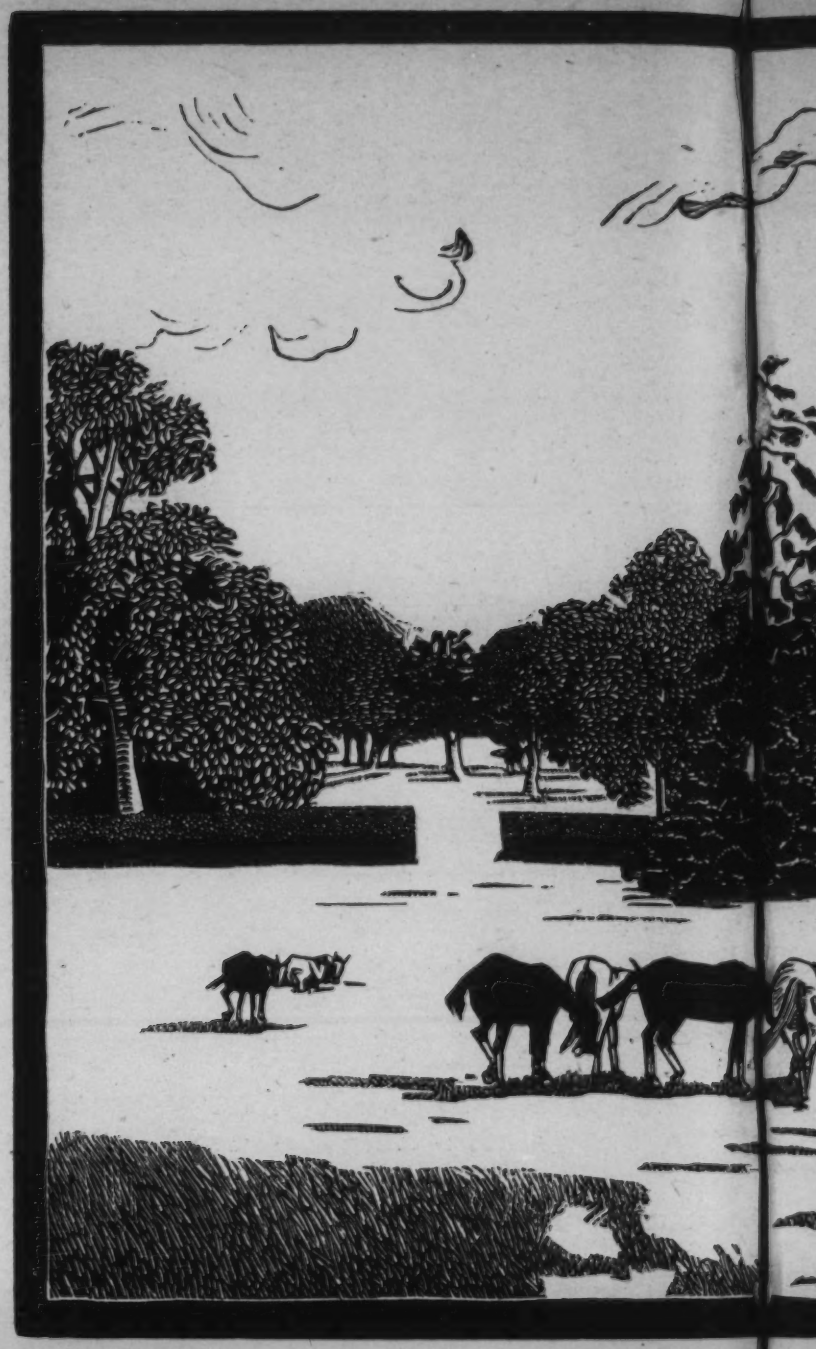
BUT thought is a combustible: leave it to man's will and like scattered gunpowder it burns with a little flame; but tamp it by oppression and it explodes, and sometimes will blast an epoch.

AS the priest kneaded man's mind into his bread and trod out man's heart into his wine and on human woe and terror fed, some there were, men and also women, old and young, who fled his grasp, and, in the solitude of desert and mountain and forest, offered their souls as a eucharist to the demoniacal rulers of these places, called upon them, and called not in vain, for in their calling they awoke within themselves the very powers which would set them free.

WHEREVER we may look, from time to time may we hear the bugle note of the magical revolt against priestcraft and the enslavement of thought summoning the devils to form phalanx against the priest-conscripted angelic hosts. Thus were the wizard and the witch born, searchers after evil powers, for the good had deserted them, enslaved them and made them what they were. Whither else could they turn? Living in dark places they turned to the spirits of night, for the spirits of goodness lay enchained in temples and in mosques, in the churches and in the cathedrals of the priests.
In Assyria, the cradle of sorcery, we hear the cry mount upwards:

"Urudu-Gar-Lig-Ga Ur-Sag An-Na-Ge
Za-Pa-Ram Me-Ne-A-Ni Hu-Luh-Ha
Gar-Hul Ba-Ab-Sir-Ra Su-U-Me-Ti
Ki Za-Pa-Ram Sum-Mu U-Me-Ni-De-A
Dah-Zu-Hi-A
Tu-Dug-Ga I Dingir-En-Ki-Ga-Ge
Urudu-Gar-Lig-Ga Ur-Sag An-Na-Ge Za-Pa-
Ram Me-Ne-A-Ni Hu-Mu-Ra-Ab-Dah-E
Utug-Hul A-La-Hul Ha-Ba-Ra-E."

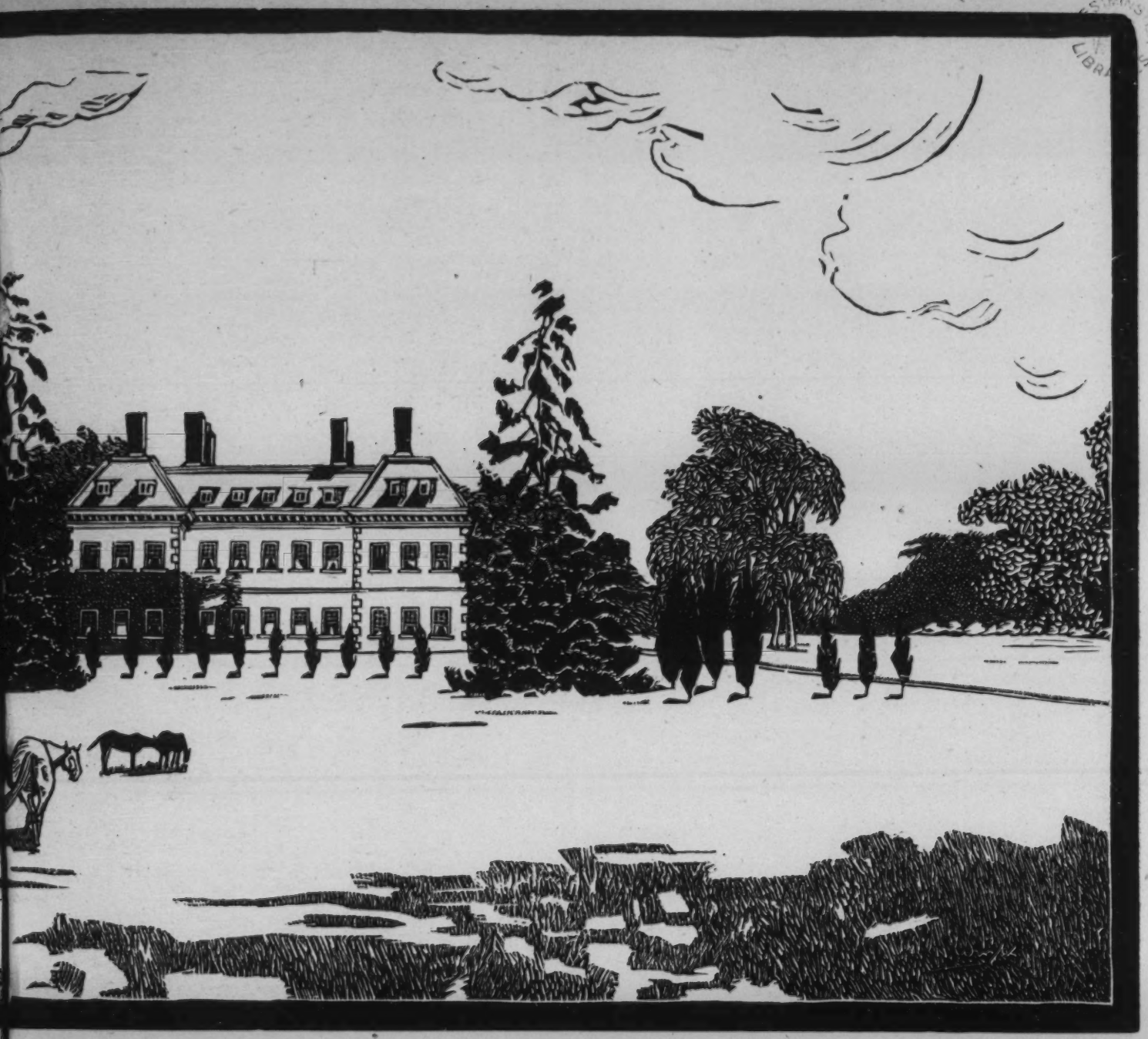
"TAKE thou the potent meteorite of heaven, which by the roar of its awful might removeth all evil. Place him where the thunder roar is uttered, that it may help thee, by the magic of the word Ea may the potent meteorite of heaven with its awful roar help thee."



WOODCUT

AND help them it did, for it awoke within their hearts a faith in their destiny. Now they were no longer alone in their struggle against the throttling rituals of convention. The words leapt from their throats, begotten of their hearts: no longer need they listen to the mumblings of the priest and fearfully tremble, for now they could tremble with joy.

"Seven are they! Seven are they!
In the Ocean Deep seven are they!



BY NORA WRIGHT

Battening in Heaven seven are they,
Bred in the depths of Ocean.
Nor male nor female are they,
But as the roaming wind blast.
No wife have they, no son can they beget;
Knowing neither mercy nor pity,
They hearken not to prayer or supplication,
They are as horses reared among the
hills . . ."

EVIL was at least their leaguer, and evil though these forces were, they were something, something to rely on and something better than the pauperization of thought, and, through thought, of action: they breathed freedom like a devastating storm.

IN the Middle Ages of Christian rule did once again the spirit of man break the shackles which bound it, and it broke them by an alliance with Satan. Mad, if not insane, would the sorcerer creep forth to

some heath or grove far away from monastry or church, and, bereft of his senses through the gloom of those desolate places, would he shriek to the stars:

"Eko! eko! Azarak. Eko! eko! Zomelak!
Zod-ru-kod e Zod-ru-koo
Zod-ru-koz e Goo-ru-moo!
Eo! Eo! Oo . . . Oo . . . Oo!"

THOUGH the words be different, it is the same chant of the Assyrian seer, for it is the conjuration of freedom, freedom which was to beget the arts and sciences of to-day, that consciousness which, though latent, was unconscious when these words were uttered. They were the love murmurings of a new betrothal.

WOODCUT BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

YET there was method in this madness: it was not all froth and frenzy, it was at times methodical, as methodical as the ritual of the priest, so methodical that the mind became entranced in the operation, carried out of itself and concentrated on the spell, until what was desired was born and to the adept became tangible and alive. Here then is a picture of the witch at her work, and, from it, it will be realised that her's was no light task.

'Presently Elerion became aware of a greenish-blue light, flickering in a shadow on the mountan side.

"What is that?" he whispered to his companion.

"The cave of Droona, methinks, unless it be a corpse light that hath been out a wooing and hath lost its way back to its grave," answered Zoodrillgoo.

'Slowly they moved towards the light, the vampire and the boy, and as they approached it they heard a wheezy voice singing:

"Thrice I passed the withered ash;
Thrice I smote the hawthorn tree;
Thrice I tore the crimson sash
Of a wanton—trull to be.
Hoou-r-r-r-ang!

Thrice I stepped this way and that;
Thrice I stroked the night-black cat;
Thrice I scratched the wingéd bat;
Thrice upon the ground I spat!
Hoou-r-r-r-ang!

Now thrice thrice years I've stirred thee slow;
Adder, newt, toad, bat and crow:
Ha! long and slow, long and slow,
Blood, brains, skin and fat marrow:
Must I shiver and wait the crack of doom,
Before I writhe warm in Corgorak's room?
Hoou-r-r-r-ang!

Tell me, tell me bubbling broth;
Rise and tell me fiend of hell,
When shall fall Belzebud's wrath?
When shall break this corpse-grey spell?
Hoou-r-r-r-ang!"

'Then she ceased her stirring and, looking into her cauldron, she cried:

"Hee, hee! the broth grows firm . . I see . . I see . . ."

"Mother! mother!" shrilly whistled Zoodrillgoo as he drew near to the cave.

"The night is growing old, who calls?" answered Ondroona looking up from her cauldron.

"Thy little son Zoodrillgoo, thine eldest one."

"What wantest thou?"

"Mother I have news for thee, news of . . ."'

Pure Macbeth if you will, and but an indifferent version of:

"Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd,"

or:

"Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame . . ."

and yet, these "secret, black and midnight hags," according to the story, were not impotent, for the third apparition which they evoked spake out saying:

"Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

and we all know how the story ended.

WOODCUT BY STEWART MARSHALL

WITCHCRAFT of the above type was, in its day, a reality, a power which, through horror, accomplished what the priest should have accomplished through charity. Witchcraft was the grating of the file of truth against the ecclesiastical chains which shackled the reason, it was also a hissing acid which ate into and rotted convention.

FROM the crude cauldron with its bubbling offal, collected in secrecy and danger and hence potentized by faith and fear, even if but faith in Sabazios-Adonai or fear of Zabrodax, we rise one rung on the ladder of the black arts and find ourselves partaking in the Witches' Sabbath and the Black Mass. He who has read Michelet's "La Sorcière" needs no introduction to this subject, yet he must understand that the true sorceress, with all that she symbolizes, is not the simple witch, she is not so much a seeker after evil as a seeker after truth. In the hut of the sorceress are the arts and sciences re-discovered. Listen to these murmurings of the past:

"There under the stars, whilst the bats circle the moon, and the toad hops through the thicket, and the frogs splash in the mere, the shepherd whispers to her: how green were the eyes of the wild wolf, how sharp were his claws, how white his teeth; . . . how the entrails wriggled on the ground, and the pink brains bubbled out their blood. Then both are silent for awe fills them as they crouch trembling amongst the hemlock and the foxgloves before the mystery of death.

"A little while and she rises and, pulling her hood over her head, sets out alone through the trackless forest, here and there lit by the moon, and, guided by the stars, she reaches the city.

"At a small postern by the tower of the castle, known as the 'lover's gate,' she halts and whistles thrice, and

WOODCUT BY ERIC DAGLISH

then, in shrill clear notes, as of some awakened night-bird, calls: 'brother, brother, brother mine!' Soon a chain clanks against the oaken door, and a bolt rumbles back from its staple, and before her, in his red shirt and his leathern apron, stands her brother, the hangman.

"There under the stars she whispers to him, and for a moment he trembles, looking deep into her eyes; then he turns and leaves her.

"Presently, there is a creaking of chains overhead . . . An owl, awakened from the gibbet above, where it had been blinking, perched on the shoulder of a corpse, flies shrieking into the night.

"Soon he returns; his footsteps resounding heavily along the stone passage, and in his arms he is carrying the dead body of a young man. 'Hé, my little sister,' he pants, and for a moment he props his heavy load up against the door of the postern. Then these two, the sorceress and the hangman, silently creep out into the night, back into the gloom of the forest, carrying between them the slumbering spirit of science and art sleeping in the corpse of a young man, whose golden hair streams gleaming in the moonlight, and around whose white throat glistens a snake-like bruise of red, of purple and of black.

"There, under the oaks by an age-worn dolmen, did they celebrate their midnight mass . . . 'Look you! I must needs tell you, I love you well, as you are to-night; you are more desirable than ever you have been before . . . you are built as a youth should be . . . Ah! how long, how long have I loved you! . . . But, to-day, I am hungry, hungry for you! . . .'"

THUS under the Golden Bough in the moonlight was the host uplifted, and the shepherd and the hangman and the sorceress broke the bread of necromancy and drank deep of the wine of witchcraft, and swore secrecy over the eucharist of art.

OTHERS swore secrecy too, Friar Bacon in his laboratory, who hid the secret of the discovery of gunpowder in a cryptogram; and others more fervently still as they watched Giodano Bruno blazing at the stake.

BETWIXT *auto da fé* and *in pace* the black arts throve in desolate huts and in out of the way caverns, and thriving they grew grey, not with age but with a light which one day would glow into the brilliance of an increased consciousness. It was in this dull chill twilight of the great awakenment that the Middle Ages passed into the licence of the Renaissance, and into the sobriety of the Reformation.

WHAT do we see in these spiritually troublesome times? The sorcerer and sorceress still practice their arts and indulge in their incantations, but we see others working near them, not on heath and in desolate cavern, but in the great cities and at the courts of kings. Paracelsus is half medicine-man half scientist. Agrippa travels from university to university seeking weird things, but things with a meaning: he has a rational objective, the witch had none. Dr. Dee develops clairvoyance, he moulds panticles in wax, he calls upon a whole hierarchy of angels and angelic forces. Now the magical ceremony, the forging of swords in the moonlight, the compounding of incense,

the fashioning of wands and sigils, are all endowed with a meaning, and they concentrate the thoughts of the adept on the work at hand, the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, the transmutation of the metals, of evil into good. And as thought conglobes around desire, so does desire take form, warmed as is an egg by the body of a brooding hen.

THE power of talismans and panticles is a reality when believed in, and little can be accomplished without belief. They stimulate the faith of man in the powers which are ever latent in his great unconscious mind and, "atom" by "atom," they endow this unconsciousness with a conscious existence.

"These are the spells by which
to re-assume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom;"

and again:—

"To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy power which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates . . "

Whilst these strange spells were being cast, and whilst hope in the spiritual world was dominating power, also was hope dominating power in the material. Here strange men arise, manipulating the elements of earth and water as if they also were panticles of wax and wood. Columbus, Cabot, Vasco da Gama brave the terrors of the ocean — "fighting immensity with a needle." Giovanni del la Porta rediscovers the power of steam, Copernicus a new solar system, Newton the force we call gravity. In their day, all these men were still more or less black magicians.

WOODCUT BY ERIC DAGLISH

WITH the unleashing of steam, the world is re-cast; that is, humanity attains a higher consciousness, the latent powers of the mind move. A new priesthood arises—the mechanical engineer—and the world is enslaved by the oppression of a stinking smoke. It is no longer so much the soul of man which is harrowed as his body, the interdict is replaced by the furnace, and excommunication by the jig and tool. The transmutation of metals changes, but only in detail, for greed is ever with us. No longer is it sought to transmute lead into silver, but instead blood, the blood and sweat of man, into gold.

DURING the Black Age of the steam epoch, we see the old world pageant re-enacted, the oppression of the soul of man, not by fear of heaven but by terror of earth, and, as hope dies, despair is born, a dank wet mist under the cloak of which the sorcerer creeps forth in the form of the anarchist. He is persecuted, and he thrives on persecution; he is a black magician whose heart has swallowed his reason; he is truly mad, but a power to be reckoned with, for, however horribly bubbles his cauldron, it is destined to fertilize another epoch.

FROM science based on reason arises the rationalist. The black magician of the sixteenth century is now a white-robed priest in the Secular Hall, for his mind has swallowed his heart. Thus it is that we watch, materializing from the backwash of his cold calculations, strange forms—spiritualism, psychical research, theosophy and all the clatter and baby prattle of "higher thought." To the rationalist these are black

children, little tumbling dagoes, who may be laughed aside; but like children they grow into strapping boys and girls, and some into black magicians. Lake Harris and Daniel Dunglas Home are undoubtedly of this type, and, morally, they are burnt at the stake. Then, as years speed by, some enter the "Royal Societies" of the world; they are no longer morally burned for being charlatans, but instead are proclaimed mad, a word which may be intonated in many ways.

"WHAT is Madness, what are Nerves?" bellows forth Carlyle. "Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether infernal boiling up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair painted Vision of Creation, which swim therein, which we name the Real, was Luther's picture of the Devil less a reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye or without it? In every the wisest soul lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon-Empire; out of which, indeed, his world of wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as in its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind."

WHAT indeed is madness but the orgasm between consciousness and unconsciousness; yet to-day psychology has passed this chaotic union between mind and soul: it is taking form, and one day it will be brought to bed of a new priestcraft. Already have the heralds of the last illusion blazoned forth the coming of the magicians. Freud and Jung and a host of followers have invented psycho-analysis, which to-day is still pure black magic, the anatomization of the mind by thought potentized by theories in place of by panticles, mantras and spells.

IN the black cabinet, in place of the cave, the modern witch squats. The cauldron has gone and in its place Dr. Schrenck-Notzing crouches behind his camera, whilst Gustave Geley scribbles in his note-book — Dynamo-Psychism, which is but Urudu-Gar-Lig-Ga over again, or Zod-ru-koz e Goo-ru-moo—words, letters arranged according to the grammatical conventions of the days in which they are uttered.

WORDS, words, yet they are the philtres of the emanations of reality, those beams which smite through the shadowy land of unconsciouness and lend to it a little borrowed light. Humanity, in part or whole, loves an ideal, as a man loves a woman. There is the chase and the capture and the kill, and from the spell of kisses, in agony, is born the child which in its day will do as its parents did. Thus we imagine that, in the great heart of hearts of things unknowable, the black arts are in reality white, lucid and limpid, capricious will o' the wisps which beckon us on over heath and through hut, through cathedral, city and study.

"O DIM, far-lifted, and mighty dome, Mecca of many minds, mausoleum of many hopes, sad house where all desires fail! For there men enter in with hearts uplifted, and dreaming minds, seeing in those exalted stairs a ladder to fame, in that pompous portico the gate of knowledge, and going in, find but vain vanity, and all but in vain. There, when the long streets are ringing, is silence, there eternal twilight, and the odour of heaviness. But there the blood flows thin and cold and the brain burns adust; there is the hunt of shadows, and the chase of embattled phantoms; a striving against ghosts, and a war that has no victory. O dome, tomb of the quick! surely in thy galleries, where no reverberant voice can call, sighs whisper ever, and mutterings of dead hopes, and there men's souls mount like moths towards the flame, and fall scorched and blackened beneath thee, O dim, far-lifted, and mighty dome!"

THUS writes Arthur Machen of the reading room of the British Museum, that modern circle of the modern sorcerer who searches for the "why" and the "wherefore" not beneath the stars but under the buckram and leather of printed books. Thus in the laboratory of hallucinations has the black magician toiled, whilst down the centuries dances Illusion—a dusky courtezan, enticing, entrancing, beckoning we know not whither.

WOODCUT BY PAUL NASH

NOT DESIRE

WHY name is not desire.
Nothing that bears that name
is like to thee.
And yet no earthly fire
Kindles, but in its light thou
seemst to be.

Of flowers, art thou the Rose?
— What lacks the Rose beside thee? And the same
In other garden grows,
An emblem, of eternity a name.

Is Beauty's title thine?
Beauty, whose troubled forms to others give
Slow place? But without sign
Thou goest, and art not concerned to live.

Who are thou, then? Alas,
Thou art no more the face I thought to see.
As one saw Beauty pass,
So I saw Mourners, when I looked for thee.

I looked for thee, and thou
Wert breath of us, and breath of kindled fire,
And breath that passes. Now
Thy name I know not that is not Desire.

What should I do but this,
But worship thee, and at thy shrine be found?
— Thy burial it is,
Thy death-day and thy rest in holy ground.

Yet are these drops not tears.
Only the earth thy grave is wet with dew,
And this the grass it bears,
And this the flower of song, forever new.

O thou brave life of man,
And thou brave song, anguish of Her to spare.
— Nay, but she cometh. Scan
The dark road well. Nay, but she is not there.

V. LOCKE-ELLIS.

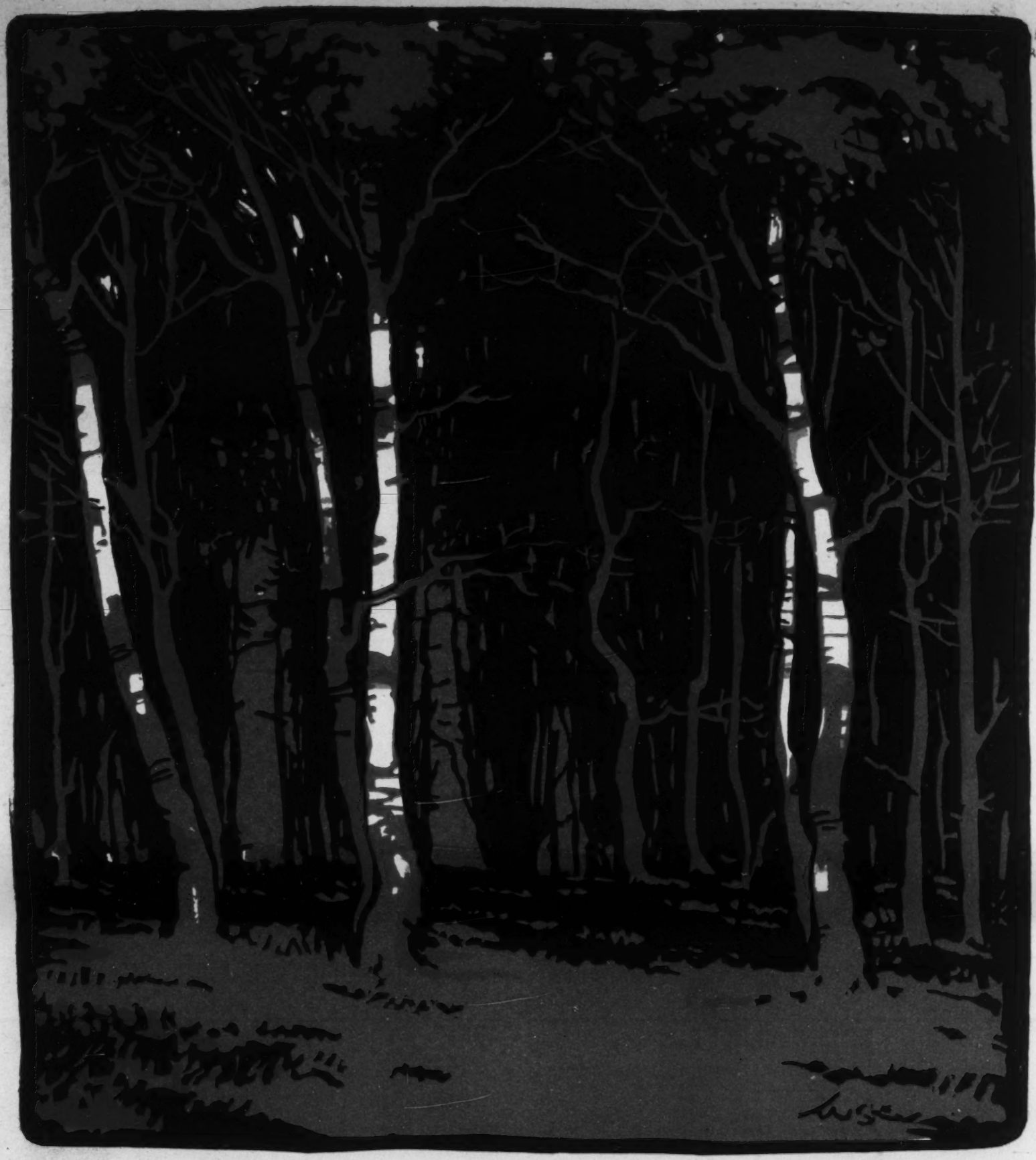
MIGHT I FORGET

MIGHT I forget, who never have forgotten!
What is it Love feeds on, that will not die
Though the beseech'd wings never about his head
Agitate the air, nor ever comes again
Sight of belovèd eyes, sound of her voice,
Touch of her burning hand, whose look, voice, hand
Once music brought to midnight, and such hues,
Such visions, as the power of drugs has never

Revived in rich vain dreams? Yet Love lives on,
A bird with beak plunged in his reddened breast.....
Might I forget! But in all waking hours
By mortal cares unvexed her shape I seek
Whose shape my hand and eyes travelling upon
Knew satisfaction. Nor those orbs I see
That held mine in unsteady motion, nor
Her voice I hear; and yet no street but hints
Her coming and going, and no beechen hill
But cheats me with her whispered missing touch,
So light, so warm, so quick, so brief, so vain.
But most the sudden thought by which are shattered
The gates of being, when she runs swiftly through
Highways and lanes with lifted torch and cries
That startle sleep and snap the bonds of the dead,
And they rush out, memories and old desires,
"Where is she?" pleading, and none answering, "Here!"
And other thoughts when, sick of changeless pain,
Love burns like hate and with the skill of hate
Fashions those darts for her that wound him sorest.
So she, when nothing's visible, nothing heard,
Then subtly comes and darkness aches with pain.

Might I forget, who never have forgotten—
Ah, treacherous mind, one day I did forget,
One whole day passed unanguished, one short day,
One only day unhaunted by the cry
Unuttered, "She is here!"
It was a day
When sparkling frost sowed light over the earth
From hill to hill, and in the valley I
Snared in the net of light contented stirred,
Then lay entranced. Frost on the hawthorn boughs,
Frost on the few stained bramble leaves, and frost
Flashing from the cropped grass and long tangled grass,
Frost in the air defying awhile the sun
Who sprang up as a young man from long sleep
And with bright hair-like beams swept all the earth.
Looking upon that cold renewed white world
Beside the hushed stream I forgot those ills—
Injustice and despair and fruitless love—
That torture men moving from life to death;
And forgot ev'n that dear and familiar
Surge of the senses whose tossed wave unfelt
Broke now against a dream-exalted cliff
Cold in clear dawn and crowned with virgin moon.
These I forgot, and her too I forgot
And stole such happiness as poets dream
Who wake to see imagination fade
And their rich loaded hopes like gutted wrecks.
So I woke from a dream's treachery and remembered
All that I had forgotten, seeking again
Her eyes, voice, touch among deceiving things,
And hurt anew by those old mortal ills.

JOHN FREEMAN.



LINO CUT

BY WALTER SPRADBURY

WOODCUT BY JOHN NASH

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

From Dante. Inferno; Canto V.

AFTER that I had heard my Teacher name
Each Lady of old lost with her lovely knight,
My mind was mazed, such pity upon me came.
I began: 'Poet, I fain would, if I might,
Speak with those two that hand in hand appear,
And, as they move, seem to the wind so light.'
And he to me: 'When they approach more near,
Thou shalt see. By the love which is their guide,
Do thou entreat them then, and they will hear.'
Soon as the wind's whirl made them nearer glide,
I raised my voice up: 'O tired spirits, Come
And speak with us, if it be not denied.'
Eagerly as a pair of pigeons, whom
Desire calls and their will bears through the sky
On wide unfaltering wings to their sweet home,
So swerved those spirits from out the company
Where Dido is, flying toward us underneath
The fell mirk; such a power had my fond cry.
'O kind and gracious creature that hast breath
And comest travelling through the black air
To us who made the earth bloody with our death,
Were but the world's King friend to us, a prayer
Should from us both implore him for thy peace
Because thou hast taken pity on our despair.
Whether to speak or listen better please,
We will speak with you and hear and understand,
Now while the lull'd wind spares a little ease.
The place where I was born sits on the strand
Where Po goes down to his peace, and with him takes
All the other streams that follow him from the land.

Love, that in gentle heart so soon awakes,
Took him with this fair body, which from me
Was torn: the way and wound of it yet aches.
Love, that to no loved one remits love's fee,
Took me with joy of him, so deeply wrought,
Even now it hath not left me, as thou dost see.
Love led us both to one death. He that sought
And spilt our life,—Cain's place awaits him now.'
These words to us upon the wind were brought.
When I had heard those wounded Spirits, my brow
Sank downward, and I held it where it was,
Until the Poet spoke: 'What musest thou?'
And when I answered, I began: 'Alas!
How many sweet thoughts and what longings fain
Led them into the lamentable pass!'

WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

I turned me, and I began to speak again:
'Francesca, the tears prick into my eyes
For sorrow, and for pity of thy pain.
But tell me; in the time of the sweet sighs
How did love vouchsafe proof of what he is,
And of the obscure yearnings make you wise?'
And she to me: 'No grief surpasses this
(And that thy teacher also knows full well)—
In the midst of misery to remember bliss.
But if thou so desire to know how fell
The seed whose first root in our bosoms fed,
I'll tell, as one that can but weep and tell.

One day together, for pastime, we read
Of Launcelot, and how love held him in thrall,
We were alone and without any dread:
Sometimes our eyes, at the words' secret call,
Met, and our cheeks a changing colour wore.
But it was one page only that did all.
When we read how that smile, so hungered for,
Was kissed by such a lover, he that may
Never from me be separated more
All trembling kissed my mouth. The book I say
Was a Galahalt to us, and he beside
That wrote the book. We read no more that day.'
While the one spirit spoke thus, the other cried
So lamentably, that the whole life fled
For pity out of me, as if I died.
And I fell, like a body falling dead.

LAURENCE BINYON.

THE RAINBOW — WOODCUT BY GLADYS FEILDING

THE SECRET

UNDER high boughs I lay in sunny grass.
My mind a mirror was
Reflecting leaves and sunshine: but no Past
Or fancied Future cast
Their shadows there. For I was grass and trees,
No less, no more than these:
Lay in the sunlight, felt the warmth, and grew;
And sunlight, air, and dew
And earth were all my knowledge. But a breeze,
Winnowing the laden trees,
Drowned me in perfume of the Lime in flower;
And by that perfume's power
My sense woke on a pale, transtellar coast,
Half recognised, half lost
As an old dream. I lingered there expecting,—
My mind a pool reflecting
Unfathomed shapes by dim weeds blurred and webbed,
While waves of memory ebbed
And climbed again up, up the gleaming shoal,
But never reached the pool.
Then expectation shaped. I was aware
Of one with sea-smooth hair
Leaning above me, in whose eyes I caught
The urgence of the message that she brought.

But, even as her lips stirred,
There fell the clear call of a hidden bird
Out of the Lime's green leaves,
Waking me to warm grass and sunny eaves
Of roofing boughs: unheard
The music of that still-escaping word
Whose solving flame, revealing light, shall set
All realms of being aflame. So am I yet,
Bewildered and uneasy traveller, blown
Between two kingdoms, neither wholly known.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

WOODCUT BY STEWART MARSHALL

Reviews

"MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET."

IT has been left to Mr. Walter de la Mare to strike an original note in fiction. Many novelists have used the memoir form but he is the first to choose a modern dwarf as the memorialist. The work is sparkling and clever. Whether a real dwarf like "Miss M" would think and act as the author suggests one cannot say, but there is here all the almost morbid introspection and the large egotism of a small being one would expect in such a heroine. And the 365 pages are packed with pungent witticisms. The characterisation is vivid and the gallery of portraits rich in an engaging variety. The style is clear and compelling though there is rather an excess of cleverness. Epigram follows epigram with bewildering profusion. One would prefer more milk and less clotted cream. Three characters stand out like clear-cut cameos. Mrs. Bowater, the philosophic landlady; Fanny, her daughter; and the delicious old cynic, Mrs. Mounerie. Listen to this description by Mrs. Bowater of her erring husband: "He was, as some would say, a handsome man. *Do* handsome he did never. But there, Miss, things being as they must be, and you in the green of your youth—though hearing the worst may be a wholesome physic if taken with care . . ." Here is a characteristic quotation from one of her letters: "Fanny doesn't write much and which I didn't much expect. She is of an age now which must reap as it has sown, though, even allowing for the accident of birth, as they say, a mother's a mother till the end of the chapter." Fanny, cold, heartless, ruthless, climbing the social ladder by means of brains and beauty, is etched in with acid. It is a brilliant bit of drawing. So is the portrait of Mrs. Mounerie, Society leader, wit and cynic. "No, my dear," she says in a biting criticism of the modern struggle to be always on show, "there's only one private life, the next; and, according to some accounts, that will be more public than ever." Assuredly this is one of the books of the year—a book not to be lightly read or hastily discarded. But, though it has its thrills, it does not lack its picturesque incident, it is not to be skipped. It might perhaps, with advantage, have been pruned of a somewhat too opulent growth. Philosophy long drawn out is apt to lose its savour. Yet there is wit, here, and wisdom, too. But it suffers from the defect of its quality. One can tire even of cleverness. There is much to be said for brevity. And this is the age for speed. He who writes for the leisured writes for an ever narrowing circle. Mr. de la Mare is over-generous in his measure. But the writer, for one, is duly grateful. This is a book to linger over, to live with, to enjoy in the quiet hours. It provokes thought. It probes deep. It demands—and we trust it will get—serious attention.

X. Y. Z.

WHO'S WHO IN SCULPTURE.

IN "Sculpture of To-day," Vol. I. (Chapman & Hall; 252 pp.; 25/- net), we have a serious attempt by Mr. Kineton Parkes to overtake the formidable task of surveying the present position of sculpture as a fine art. The earlier chapters comprise an apology for sculpture, and a rapid sketch of the materials and methods of the sculptor, while the concluding chapter contains several very sane observations on the factors which account to some extent for the comparatively tepid appreciation that sculpture at present receives from the public. We say comparatively, for, over and above the chapters we have just mentioned, 162 pages of the book are devoted to summaries of the *œuvre* of a host of artists in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the United States, Canada and Japan, men (and women) who are alive to-day and, amongst them, producing sculpture of a kind, all the time.

There are some gems of criticism in the volume, but we must confess to a sense of disappointment in respect of the very bald and rather indiscriminate method by which Mr. Parkes compiles these 162 pages. It would almost seem that he has applied to each individual for a statement of his principal works and other biographical data, with resulting constraint upon our author to dish up his matter as appreciatively as possible. In consequence, we receive his pages much as we do those of "Who's Who," a collection of useful facts from which we may draw our own inferences, taking his commentary *cum grano salis*. The volume is embellished with many fine half-tone plates, and we only regret that one of these is devoted to the altogether abominable pepper-castor device which crowns Frampton's Edith Cavell Monument.

A touch or two of constructive criticism and we have done. Mr. Parkes hails Alfred Stevens as the "fountain-head of modern English sculpture," and Saint Gaudens as that of modern American sculpture. But he leaves it at that. His work would be greatly strengthened were he to give us, in respect of each of these admittedly great artists, some analysis of their epoch-making genius, to which the reader might relate the many attributions sprinkled throughout the notices of the work of their followers and successors. The statement that Mr. Pittendrich Macgillivray is the originator of the Edinburgh School of Art will only arouse surprised curiosity in the northern capital. Sir George Frampton's "Peter Pan" in Kensington Gardens is omitted from the extended account of the knight's achievements, albeit it is worth half-a-dozen Cavell memorials, and is one of the few pieces of ornamental sculpture in London that are happy in their environment. And Saint Gaudens's relief memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson, in St. Giles's High Kirk, Edinburgh, is not cited as an example of the artist's work to be viewed in this country.

UNIVERSAL ART.

"DESIGN and Tradition: A Short Account of the Principles and Historical Development of Architecture and the Applied Arts" (Chapman & Hall; 376 pp.; 30/- net) is, like the work of Mr. Parkes, just mentioned, a further volume in the Universal Art Series. The title is an excellent one and appropriate to the series, but we fear that the book itself must be adjudged a ponderous compilation, written in a pedestrian style, and neither fish, fowl nor good red herring. Its literary tectonic is far from lucid; it contains nothing that may not be found in received works on the various subjects with which it deals; and, although it scuttles over the ground from the inception of design by the savages of the bronze and earlier ages down to the use of tracing paper and the ruling pen by the latest tyro, it cannot be recommended as an appropriate handbook for the student, or anybody else.

BOOKPLATES.

THE fertility and versatility of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., never fail to amaze us when we think of them. He is engaged just now upon huge wall paintings for the decoration of several State buildings in America, and on sundry other like enterprises; he has found time to paint such decorative easel pictures as "The Poulterer's Shop," recently accepted by the Royal Academy as his diploma work; and yet he has energy to spare for the designing and cutting of bookplates and other woodcuts, not to speak of more than an occasional etching.

In "Bookplates by Frank Brangwyn, R.A." (Morland Press; £2 2s.) we have 69 forcible examples of this artist's fertile imagination and highly developed sense for design. Whether these are stated in black-and-white or in two or three colours, they manifest fine feeling for strength and texture, while their range is dazzling in the eyes of mere puny men who poke about the legs of this Colossus.

C. L.

THE GALLERIES

THE autumn exhibition season opened early with a display, at the Leicester Galleries, of sculptures by Riccardi and cartoons by Max Beerbohm. To these there was added, later, a selection from the work of Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson.

RICCARDI.

ONE finds in the sculptures of Riccardi, presented in stone, bronze, plaster of Paris and wax, a pleasing freedom from distorting eccentricities. There is individuality about the simplification of planes that characterises Signor Riccardi's handicraft in some instances, but he always finds grace and nobility within the confines of truthful representation. Several portrait busts at the Leicester Galleries included those of Frederick Delius, the composer; of the artist's father, a Neapolitan pottery worker; and of Oliver Williams, the Welsh violinist. In each case, the personality was forcibly presented. If he was not so happy in his portraiture of women, there was much allure in his decorative bas-relief, "The Tulip."

"MAX."

THE genius of Max Beerbohm is literary rather than pictorial in its artistic expression. It is true that he can seize and state with piquant exaggeration the peculiarly individual aspects of his victims, but there is nothing in his cartoons that satisfies the eye, either in respect of pattern or of colour. Nor do they explain themselves without the aid of the rubrics with which each is adorned. Many of these latter are simply delicious. Done in 1916-19, the series at the Leicester Gallery dealt almost exclusively with the vagaries of the Dante Rossetti-Swinburne circle, and no one of them tickled me more than that in which Rossetti is seen urging gaily coloured dress materials upon his poet sister. "Where *is* the use, Christina, of having a heart like a singing-bird and a water-shoot and all the rest of it, if you insist upon getting yourself up like a pew-opener?"

NEVINSON, TATAIST.

OF Mr. Nevinson's show it may be said at once that the cream of the entertainment lay in his preface to the catalogue. He despises "journalists, art critics and similar art parasites," but he is himself a facile craftsman with the pen, and very critical. Rather more than a year ago he assured us, in the columns of a contemporary, that he was always endeavouring to disassociate himself from "a lot of dirty 'art theories' of Post, Neo, ists and isms," which he characterised as "art perversions." In this preface he again set out to "disassociate" himself "from all the modern movements."

With acid humour, he particularised Dadaism, "the gregarious striving for peculiarity and *nouveauté*;" Gagaism, the senile domination of all official Art societies; Papaism, "the paternal patronage and fostering of the good boys of the Slade by the New English Art (Teachers') Club; Mamaism, the tedious maternal boasting of the angular and deformed babe christened post-impressionism, which is "slowly dying in the grimy atmosphere of the London Group;" Babaism, which bleats of pure art and significant form; and Tataism, the tendency of artists who form groups and then break them up with "loud and abusive farewells."

Well, well. Mr. Nevinson has, at various periods in his career, flirted with Post-Impressionism, Neo-Primitive art, Cubism and Vorticism. These have left their mark on him, as the most cursory glance at the Leicester Galleries exhibition went to show. According to his own nomenclature, too, he is still a Tataist: his tatas are "loud and abusive," but the disassociation is not thereby completed. Several of his interpretations were very clever, and I can almost believe that he did attain the joy of painting—"a motive rarely suspected in living artists," he says—when he attacked his "Hampton Court" (6), and "Maidenhead" (11).

HAROLD NAPIER.

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